



Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 6.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1864.

WHOLE NO. 1722.

Selections.

OUR CORPS D'AFRIQUE.

We have now about sixty thousand negro troops in the field. This number is being very rapidly increased by the recruiting officers at Fortress Monroe, Louisiana, and East Tennessee. Every advance of our forces into the enemy's territory, and every raid made by our dashing cavalry, (and, by the way, that was cavalry,) which it was said, it would be impossible to organize, because the Yankee can never be taught to ride a horse properly, an act which the Southerner performs with ease and grace, because it is by habit and education a gentleman, has done us infinite service in carrying the Proclamation of the President into every village between Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, and over Tennessee, North Carolina, and Western Virginia; has brought into our camp hundreds, and sometimes even thousands of brawny black men, who are ready to go back to their old masters, if the United States will give them a uniform and a musket. The machinery to accomplish this is about completed.

The abolitionists have urged the duty upon the Executive ever since the war broke out. The Executive, knowing that the great body of Americans were not ready for so startling a movement, hesitated. Then gradually it dawned upon the minds of the North, as they read the long list of casualties of the war, that they were more nearly approach to the likeness of a model white man, than any proverbially severe in the use of the whip. These are the men who made the splendid change, four times repeated, against the wicked battery, at Port Hudson, and who, by their courage and persistency, in the face of almost certain death, won the esteem of the whole Federal force, and the public congratulations of the commanding general.

Third, we notice the bulk of the Corps d'Afrique, made up of able-bodied men from the plantations. These are, almost without exception, deplorably ignorant, and are led by good men and true, who are captains and colonels all day, and school-teachers in the evening.

Now it is evidently unfair to judge all these men by the same standard. We have no right to expect from the last class the same amount of fortitude and bravery that we do from the first. And yet, so far, we have heard of no one who has insisted on this discrimination. We have a right to expect that our own boys will die bravely; and that the children of foreign parents, who have had the benefit of our schools, will do the same; but we have no right to expect from these ignorant, enslaved black men, any more than the raw Irishman, the wretched Canadian, would give. The men, the conservatives, who always knew that the negroes would run in battle, have demanded of them the heroic deeds which would cover our own children with glory, and we have only echoed their words.

In spite of this the negro has fought like a true, brave man, a man who, though he can neither read nor write, understands that every blow at the Southerner is a blow that knocks his own chains off. So far the negro regiments have done themselves infinite credit. And if, instead of standing by with a cynic's sneer, or half hoping that they will not, we should set about praying with all our might that God will wipe out of our hearts all prejudice against color, and so act upon society by a miracle that it shall become fashionable to give our charities to the black as well as the white man, we would soon see that when twenty millions of republicans are determined to elevate and educate, and make useful citizens of four millions of oppressed blacks, they are the best school-masters in the world.—*Corr. of Boston Christian Register.*

CELEBRATION IN PORTLAND.

The citizens of Portland celebrated the anniversary of the President's Emancipation Proclamation, on New Year's Day, in a very enthusiastic manner.

The City Hall was beautifully decorated, and notwithstanding the severe storm, was crowded. The various introductory exercises included music by the Band, the reading of the Proclamation, Prayer, and the singing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was performed by a select choir in a manner to elicit the greatest enthusiasm.

Hon. Woodbury Davis presided on the occasion, and Rev. Horatio Stebbins delivered the Oration, which was very able and patriotic. The brief introductory address by Judge Davis was a gem.—

"FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I accept the position to which I have been invited by the committee of arrangements, not as an honor to myself, though for that I am grateful; but I accept it, as I know it must have been intended, as a tribute to the anti-slavery cause.

"I do not claim the honor, though I should rejoice if I could, of having been one of those who, thirty years ago, laid the foundations of this great movement. I was then but a boy, taking no part in public affairs. But it is now more than twenty years since I became devoted to it. Three years of my life were devoted to it exclusively, so that there is scarcely a city or large town in the State in which I have not had the privilege of pleading the cause of the oppressed, when that cause was despised and apparently hopeless. And as I look back over those years to-day, I cannot find words to express the feelings of my heart. So sudden and great is the change, that it seems more like a dream than a reality; as if just now some great drama, and curtain had just risen upon a new scene. I can hardly realize, as I look upon it, that I am in the same country, and that the same men are on the stage."

"I look for the Slave Power, that great political abomination of desolation, that has so long stood supreme in our national temple, and I see it broken into fragments—the prestige of its aristocracy overthrown and destroyed. I see slavery abolished in the District of Columbia. I see one half of Old Virginia a free State. I see Missouri, that but yesterday sent forth her hordes to enslave Kansas, now standing beside her sister State, clothed in the garments of freedom. I see Maryland practically free; and Baltimore, the stones of whose streets are still wet with the blood of the first martyrs in our present struggle, now welcoming emancipation, and sending an abolitionist to Congress. I see tens of thousands of colored men, from all parts of the country, trained to arms, standing side by side with us in defending the flag, now their flag as well as ours. And more than all, because encouraging and sustaining all other measures, I see the President's Proclamation of Emancipation gradually undermining and overturning this great system of wrong, so that soon there shall not be left one stone of it upon another."

"As yet, amid all these great changes, nothing is more marvellous than the change in public sentiment among ourselves. Such unanimity of feeling, who of us could have anticipated? All former distinctions of party, all acrimonies of old political contests, are forever buried out of sight.

"I was not surprised that the Proclamation excited more public attention when it was issued. Great epochs in the world's history are seldom noticed until they are passed.

"There was once a humble birth, in an obscure manger in Bethlehem, over which there were angels hallelujahs in the skies, but of which the proud rulers of the Roman empire had no knowledge; and had they known it, it would have been but to despise. But after eighteen hundred years, while most of their names and their deeds are alike forgotten, the return of Christmas day is greeted every continent, in every tongue.

"The authors of the Declaration of Independence had no conception of the importance which posterity would attach to that act. They knew not their doom unless they should succeed. But to their minds, it was far more likely that their children would, with annual rejoicing, remember Concord, or Bunker Hill, than Independence Hall, and the immortal charter of Liberty there first promulgated.

"And so, when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, though it had been proayed for, and was expected by many, was it not thousands, especially among the colored people, the country little understood its importance. Many loyal men were afraid of it. Many disloyal derided it. But it is already beyond the pale of even the greatest event of the war. It has not only prevented foreign intervention to the mortal blow struck home to the heart of rebellion. Slavery has been the greatest disturber of our peace ever since our government was organized. It has sought to destroy our national life.

"It has taken the sword. And this proclamation of the President is but the voice of the people, saying—By the sword let it perish!

"But the importance of this measure cannot even yet be understood. None of us can understand it until we look back upon it from the higher summits and the purer air of the future, after the smoke and dust of battle have passed away.

"I have recently, with a few friends, visited the highest mountain in our State. As we approached its base, there were other peaks, nearer at hand, sometimes hiding it from our view, that seemed to rival it in beauty or grandeur, claiming a share of our admiration. But when we had passed by, and looked back from a distance—thirty, forty, fifty miles—it's companions had sunk out of sight, and Katahdin stood alone, lifting its rocky summit in sublime majesty against the sky. So, as the years roll on, when Port Hudson, Gettysburg and Chattanooga shall have become invisible in the dim distance, this Proclamation of Freedom will stand distinct and peerless above the horizon, to cheer the hearts of all who love mankind, down to the latest ages of time.

"Since it was issued, the earth has swept around through its annual circuit, until it has reached again the same point in the heavens. Here, at this place, one year ago, we emerged from the darkness of slavery into the light of liberty. Here, with the opening morning of the new year, the nation's voice of freedom was uttered. We celebrate its return to-day. The Fourth of July, that has gladdened our days of peace for three quarters of a century, was born amid the storms of war. Let us be grateful to God, who brought good out of evil, and make the wrath of man to praise Him, that out of the time of civil strife another day has arisen, like

"Another more

Risen on mid-noon," whose anniversary will be celebrated, when these troublous years of war are over, so long as our country shall have a name and a place among the nations of the earth."

The address was received with marked applause.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19, 1864.

The consideration of Senator Wilson's resolution for the expulsion of Garret Davis, on Wednesday last, filled the galleries of the Senate chamber to excess, and brought upon the floor a large number of members of the other House. Senator Wilson's speech, in the opening of the debate, was brief and strictly confined to the allegations of the resolution of expulsion. Mr. Davis in reply spoke over three hours. His speech was bitter, scurrilous and personal, and more objectionable than his resolutions on the score of treason. He took especial delight in assailing Massachusetts for her course in relation to slavery, and retailed anonymous, false and malicious scandals against her Senator. His speech was very much outside the limits of parliamentary rules, but no one seemed disposed to hinder the exhibition of himself which he chose to make. He boldly avowed that, if expelled from the Senate, he would go home and preach opposition and resistance to the Administration, and revolution to the people of Kentucky. His declaration caused a decided sensation in the Senate, and I think some Senators, who would not have voted against him on the ground of his speech, will vote against him on the ground of his conduct.

The Executive Committee of the Emancipation Society, fearing that it might be supposed to have given some countenance to the apparent pretensions of Mr. Conway, adopted a resolution, a copy of which was put into my hands by their President for transmission to you. I have concluded to send it, rather than good or evil, to you.

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GEORGE THOMPSON.

In the next number of the *Liberator*, we confidently expect to have the high satisfaction of announcing the safe arrival of Mr. THOMPSON in Boston—thirteen years having elapsed since his last visit to America. There are multitudes waiting to give him a hearty greeting. Below is the last letter received from him.

London, Jan. 9, 1864.

MY DEAR GARRISON.—I this morning received the *Standard* and *Liberator*, and read in the former the resolution passed at Philadelphia, in reference to myself. I am deeply grateful to you as the proposer of that resolution, and to those who so unanimously adopted it. Such a notice of my humble labors, by such men and women as composed the assembly at which it was passed, richly recompenses me for any exertions I have made during my past life in the cause of freedom and humanity.

My passage is taken in the Asia, which will sail on the 23d. I have several anti-slavery meetings before me. On the 12th, I speak at a great meeting in London. On the 13th, I give a lecture on the approaching triumph of the cause of liberty in America. On the 14th, I speak at Oxford. On the 16th, I am to be entertained at a farewell soiree, given by the London Emancipation Society. On the 21st, I am to be entertained in the City Hall of Manchester; and on the 22d, at a breakfast in Liverpool. Here will end my public speaking in England. All these meetings will, I trust, more or less promote the great cause in which we are common interested.

I trust the arrangements of the Parker Fraternity Committee will not have been seriously disturbed by the postponement, for a fortnight, of my departure. I suppose I shall not reach Boston before the 5th or 6th of February. If, on my arrival, I can render any service to the good cause by speaking in public, I shall be happy to do so to the extent of my physical ability.

My kindest regards to your family and all friends.

GEORO. THOMPSON.

A friend at Manchester sends us the following Farewell Address to Mr. Thompson on his leaving England for the United States, which was to have been presented to him at a Select Soiree, in the City Hall of Manchester, on the 21st ultmo:—

DEAR AND HONORED SIR.—For ourselves, and on behalf of many thousands of your countrymen, who have long admired, esteemed and loved you, (and who would have gladly joined in this tribute of personal regard had circumstances permitted,) we most cordially and sincerely thank you.

For upwards of thirty years, your name has been prominently and honorably associated with nearly every advanced movement for the welfare, elevation and enfranchisement of the human race. But predominantly, and with uniform consistency, have you labored and suffered in the glorious cause of Human Freedom, with a spirit of self-sacrifice and self-sacrificing devotion. In India, Britain, in America, you have been "in labor more abundant"—your energies and sympathies consecrated to the service of all man kind, of whatever race, color, condition or creed.

Not only have you borne the heat and burden of the day, in sunshine and in storm, but never have you flinched in the utmost stress of conflict, the most heroic hours of danger, or in the face of the most direful scenes of trial, to the less brave and less hopeful champions of Freedom. Whosoever the foe, whatever the difficulty, and however others may have faltered, compromised or retreated, you have always been the steadfast and true friend and defender of Liberty and Right. Your able pen, your eloquent tongue, your indomitable spirit, have always been at the service and call of the trustiest and wisest friends of Universal Freedom.

We cannot retrace the multifarious occasions on which, as a public man, you have stood forward the advocate and friend of those who were prostrated by ruthless oppression, crushed by unjust social burdens, or trampled upon by inhuman legislation, in the Southern States under the control of the late slaveholders, embittered by their defeat in war, and entailing on the country intestine feuds for another dozen years; and we listen in vain, either from the leaders of the Republican party or from its journals, for any such protest as would arrest national attention, or create a public opinion decisive enough to avert the sacrifice.

I have as little doubt as my friend Waterston of the spirit of the Northern people. I have no hesitation in regard to our future, so long as the war rests in the hands of the people—none whatever. I believe with him in the sincere anti-slavery purpose of a large portion of the Northern people; and in regard to the rest of them, I believe that, although not lifted to the level of an anti-slavery purpose, they are yet thoroughly convinced that we need the negro to fight for us, we need him to work with us; and therefore the whole North is willing, from the higher or the lower motive, that justice shall be done to the negro. So long as the war rests where it has done, in the hands and purpose of the people, it is daily removing obstacles out of its pathway, changing the minds of the Northern and of the Southern people, as rapidly as any such change was ever wrought in the history of the world. But the South watches to-day, and the thoughtful Northerner fears to-day, that the decision of this question is passing into the hands of the Government in the very crisis of a Presidential election. The Southern leader says—"Let me hold a few months longer, no matter at what cost—let me keep the stars and bars flying six months longer, and in the turmoil of that fight, in the selfish ambition of that struggle, I may find, if not a confederate, at least so much sympathy that I shall go out of this contest with very good terms, if not victorious."

He knows, and we know too, the effort of what may be called the Government in the coming eight months; and during that eight months, the effort is to be made, partly by mercantile influence, partly by political influence, from ambitious motives, to put an end to this war. Whoever brings back half-a-dozen States into the Union stamps himself the President for the next four years. Whatever General conducts the peace-time, Washington is crowded to-day with speculators, men anxious to grasp the confiscated plantations for seven or ten years on lease, and that the Government will allow them to hold the freedmen on that as apprentices. With these two concurring circumstances, they can snatch a fortune out of seven years, and leave the Government question, the negro question, the whole question, to settle itself. Money hungering for increase; the greed of the merchant, with his capital at present unemployed, El Dorado beckoning him to exertion, he can but say "Amen" to the colossal fraud in which Presidential candidates trade.

These are the two forces that are at present pressing close on the Government, to manipulate it into a willingness for some plan by which the war, as such, may be closed. Now, I believe in the North, as my friend does, provided it can be heard. I believe in the purpose of the people, provided it is not balked. But there is that in politics, you know by the history of every party that the country has seen, which brings into its profession to a much lower level of actual exertion; and the Republican party is like its fellows. The nearer you get to Washington, the more your hope sinks. One of the shrewdest of our politicians said to me—"I come out of Washington hopeless; I go back from Massachusetts cheered." It is exactly the same, that his health has suffered greatly in consequence, and he comes to this country to recuperate his wasted energies, hoping to remain here until the Jubilee. He deserves the most enthusiastic ovation ever given to any visitor from foreign shores; he has earned it by his self-sacrificing devotion to the Federal cause.

Mr. THOMPSON, and those who have hurried men in England, to the right, to the left, to the right again, are indebted for the creation of a correct public sentiment touching the Slaveholders' Rebellion. His matchless eloquence has moved and swayed the masses as with the wand of an enchanter. His labors in all parts of England and Scotland have been unceasing from the commencement of the war to the present hour.

He has lectured so frequently, and written so much, and sided in the former, and in the latter, on a little *forego*, should be plied in enduring brooks the name of him whose name heads this article—the man who, by his transcendent eloquence and unanswerable logic, converted John Bright to the views which he now holds on American affairs, and which he so ably defends in and out of parliament.

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In your name, Mr. THOMPSON has been known principally as a warm abolitionist, but during the whole progress of our civil war, he has been an ardent and devoted friend of President Lincoln, the Washington Government, and the Northern cause. I speak not from hearsay, but from personal knowledge and observation. He has attended many meetings, and been familiar with his daily toil. If any one man in England has so far modified public opinion as to prevent a war between that country and this, that man is George THOMPSON. Let me repeat of him throughout the entire North, and at Washington, show that we can appreciate such labor.

Yours truly, JOHN P. JEWETT.

THE LIBERATOR.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.
At the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Tremont Temple, Thursday Morning, Jan. 28.
[Photographically reported by Jas. M. W. YERKINSTON.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I respond most heartily to the tone of the speech of my friend, the Rev. Mr. Waterston,—and the hopeful aspect which he paints for us of the nation's probable, certainly possible future. I think, as we very rightly and forcibly said, that this very half-to-day is one of the best arguments for hope. Three years ago, we could hardly find room upon this platform, and you could find no room in those seats, from the presence of a mob, pledged to break up the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society. Where would you find that mob to-day? You would find some of its leaders, its active men, in the national uniform at Fortress Monroe; you would find others in the service of liberty in New Orleans; others still at Fort Royal, bearing high office in the nation's service; and the rest of them you would find in honorable graves, found in the very service of that idea which they met here to crush. More than our brothers, some of them are leaders to-day in the great effort to save a race. On this platform sat, I think, that morning, the bosom friend of John Brown, the foremost man whom Mason's army sought as a traitor, and the fit tenant of a District of Columbia prison. For months that man [May. Geo. L. Stearns] has been the Assistant Adjutant General of the United States for the enrollment of colored troops, his headquarters the mansion of Felix Grundy at Nashville, appointed to do, under the stars and stripes, in broad daylight, by wholesale, what Virginia murdered Brown for trying to do in detail (applause)—then sought by the long arm of executive prosecution; to-day the right hand of the War Department made by the North to crush this rebellion. It is to leave us, weakened, for the next ten years, to all sorts of struggle and feuds.

Mr. PHILLIPS. No, Sir; he was for a government broad enough for the liberty of whites and blacks, but not for a government of whites and blacks. That is the point. Our democratic institutions rest on this; and this is the essential distinction, in the quarrel between North and South. You recollect Benton's very remarkable letter, dated a year or two before his death, in which he says, "The rebellion is to break out; slaves will be its pretence, but aristocratic institutions are the real motives." That is the Southern aristocracy-ocracy. The North has democratic institutions, and their essence is this—no class is safe which has not the means to protect itself. That is democracy. England says—"The educated will take care of the ignorant; the rich will take care of the poor." The Fourth of July said, "No class is safe in any nation which has not the means to take care of itself" (applause); and hence we have given the ballot, which is the Gibraltar of self-defense, to every class. Never will this nation be a unit until every class has made, from the lakes to the Gulf, its ballot to protect itself. (Applause.) Never will there be a Union worthy of the name until we make the Carolinas the counterpart of New England. (Loud applause.)

Now, every thoughtful man sees that this is not a war of cannon, but a war of ideas. Its present phase only is cannon; its last phase was politics. I want it ended with cannon; I don't want it remanded to politics (applause); and there will be no end of it until the institutions of the Southern States correspond to those of the Northern, and then Union is inevitable, by the natural attraction of parts.

Now, when Gov. Johnson says, in Nashville, "I am for the liberty of the negro, but I am for a white man's government," he shows that the foremost man of the South is not yet converted. He is the casheep. Below him stand—what? What has made the difference between a Northerner and a Southerner? What has been the weakness of the North? Servility! We never dared to stand erect in the presence of a Southerner. Our great men were vassals before Southern assumption. The Southerner in his heart believed that there was no man in the North his equal; that there was not a "gentleman" in his phrase, north of Mason and Dixon's line. That spirit is not exercised. That aristocratic, overbearing, slave-over-ocracy is not killed out. The Unionists of the South are so proud yet, that they have not the remotest idea that this government can do them a favor. They think they do us a favor by accepting the conqueror's benefits! There is no evidence to-day that even in the better part of the Southern mind, that mood is extinct. If they come back, they come back to govern, not to co-operate. Now, I express here my conviction, as I have done, that until we change or provide against that mood of mind in the governing class of the Southern States, it is not safe to reconstruct State governments. There will be no Union until that is done; we are merely adjourning the battle into Congress. The South has always been victorious in Congress. We have beaten her in the field. Mr. Lincoln's project is to adjourn the battle from Grant to the Senate Chamber. I believe in Grant, and I don't believe in the Senate Chamber. (Loud applause.) I believe in Major Generals, not in the Republican party. Therefore, what reconstruction means? We are always chiding with words. "Amnesty," in Europe, means pardoning a rebel. It means, when the Czar of Prussia utters it, a Polish peasant ploughed to plough the land he does not own; and that is all it means. "Life" is a correlative and synonymous term; and that is all. "Amnesty," from the lips of Abraham Lincoln, means the ballot-box; he means to have it, in the hands of the capitalists of this nation, not in the hands of Europe. Mr. Chase is a pre-eminently successful financier. The bonds of the Union are above par. We rejoice, and bid the world take notice. Don't waste your efforts! The Rothschilds know it to-day, and they will invest in it fast enough. "Where the carries is, there will the vultures be gathered." And when they come, what is to be their influence upon the word and policy of the nation? Why, the New York papers assert terribly, years ago, that they could not hold up the real republicanism of the State against one of the Rothschilds' agents. The owner of a little driller of some thirty millions of dollars was able to fight the Empire State at the ballot-box, and turn back the career of her republicanism. Foreign capitalists are to hold one half of it, in the hands of the capitalists of this nation, and the other half in Europe. Mr. Chase has gone as fast in his conversion as he could go; but, as I said last night, the process in a Southerner man and a Northern-bred man is totally different. I read last night, you recollect, a letter from Major General Butler, wishing success to the Festival. Now, Butler was a much worse man, five years ago, than Abraham Lincoln. (Laughter.) Abraham Lincoln, at that time, was an honest-intentioned Whig; and I am free to say that Butler was (omitting the adjective) a very equivocal Democrat. (Renewed laughter.) I have no doubt of it. Over both—the fresh ripe soil of the hearts of both these men swept the storm of the revolution. What sprang up from that soil? Northern Democrat—Southern Whig! There sprang up in Butler's heart the old English fair play principle—"Before I have the means to ask a man to fight for me, I will give him all his rights (applause); and before I leave the man who has fought for me, I will leave him capable of taking care of his rights." (Renewed applause.) That is a Northern Democrat, flowering out into an Abolitionist. (Loud cheers.) So, Nathaniel P. Rogers, of New Hampshire, told us, twenty years ago, "When the Democrats of the White Mountains do, they will shame you all by their consistency and their enthusiasm." To-day, the prophecy fulfills itself. Now, mark you! over the Southern heart of Abraham Lincoln breathed that same inspiration, and there is danger enough ahead, without leaving anything which is not inevitable in our path. Now, therefore, while the thunderbolt is grasped in the President's hand, while his omnipotence is unquestioned, while the progress in opinion is marvelous, while the South itself is growing into an honest Union sentiment, why give up the priceless opportunities of the hour? Dr. Brown, of Tennessee, told us that he took a petition from Arkansas, for immediate emancipation, into the State of Tennessee, and presented it to twenty-two slaveholders, and eighteen of them refused to sign it, on the sole objection that it asked for compensation. They said, "Our property has jeopardized the nation—let it go!" Major Stearns reports a meeting of the same character in his own parish at Nashville, with the same result. Let that State ripen; let starvation and want, let bloodshed and confusion rest upon it, until out of the cloud rises, not a conqueror, but a converted people (loud applause)—not a subjugated but a changed heart. And no other influence but this, no other method but leaving the States to their own thought, to the remonstrances and counsels of their own sons, will ever do it. I would not put a rough Yankee hand among the thrilling and throbbling hearts of a Carolinian's State pride. Why should I? I love the Palmetto as I love the Indian. I stand, seven years hence, and see Gov. Aiken whip the children of Robert Small to labor, and have no right to interfere; when to-day I have the right and the power to put Robert Small and Gov. Aiken side by side, each with equal power and right to protect him from the other, and God help the bravest! (Applause.) No; before this war is closed, at least the black man, whom we have tempest into the ungodly abode of helping us, is to be substantially protected,

I have as little doubt as my friend Waterston of the spirit of the Northern people. I have no hesitation in regard to our future, so long as the war rests in the hands of the people—none whatever. I believe with him in the sincere anti-slavery purpose of a large portion of the Northern people; and in regard to the rest of them, I believe that, although not lifted to the level of an anti-slavery purpose, they are yet thoroughly convinced that we need the negro to fight for us, we need him to work with us; and therefore the whole North is willing, from the higher or the lower motive, that justice shall be done to the negro. So long as the war rests where it has done, in the hands and purpose of the people, it is daily removing obstacles out of its pathway, changing the minds of the Northern and of the Southern people, as rapidly as any such change was ever wrought in the history of the world. But the South watches to-day, and the thoughtful Northerner fears to-day, that the decision of this question is passing into the hands of the Government in the very crisis of a Presidential election. The Southern leader says—"Let me hold a few months longer, no matter at what cost—let me keep the stars and bars flying six months longer, and in the turmoil of that fight, in the selfish ambition of that struggle, I may find, if not a confederate, at least so much sympathy that I shall go out of this contest with very good terms, if not victorious."

He knows, and we know too, the effort of what may be called the Government in the coming eight months; and during that eight months, the effort is to be made, partly by mercantile influence, partly by political influence, from ambitious motives, to put an end to this war. Whoever brings back half-a-dozen States into the Union stamps himself the President for the next four years. Whatever General conducts the peace-time, Washington is crowded to-day with speculators, men anxious to grasp the confiscated plantations for seven or ten years on lease, and that the Government will allow them to hold the freedmen on that as apprentices. With these two concurring circumstances, they can snatch a fortune out of seven years, and leave the Government question, the negro question, the whole question, to settle itself. Money hungering for increase; the greed of the merchant, with his capital at present unemployed, El Dorado beckoning him to exertion, he can but say "Amen" to the colossal fraud in which Presidential candidates trade.

These are the two forces that are at present pressing close on the Government, to manipulate it into a willingness for some plan by which the war, as such, may be closed. Now, I believe in the North, as my friend does, provided it can be heard. I believe in the purpose of the people, provided it is not balked. But there is that in politics, you know by the history of every party that the country has seen, which brings into its profession to a much lower level of actual exertion; and the Republican party is like its fellows. The nearer you get to Washington, the more your hope sinks. One of the shrewdest of our politicians said to me—"I come out of Washington hopeless; I go back from Massachusetts cheered." It is exactly the same, that his health has suffered greatly in consequence, and he comes to this country to recuperate his wasted energies, hoping to remain here until the Jubilee. He deserves the most enthusiastic ovation ever given to any visitor from foreign shores; he has earned it by his self-sacrificing devotion to the Federal cause.

He has lectured so frequently, and written so much, and sided in the former, and in the latter, on a little *forego*, should be plied in enduring brooks the name of him whose name heads this article—the man who, by his transcendent eloquence and unanswerable logic, converted John Bright to the views which he now holds on American affairs, and which he so ably defends in and out of parliament.

To Mr. THOMPSON, and those who have hurried men in England, to the right, to the left, to the right again, are indebted for the creation of a correct public sentiment touching the Slaveholders' Rebellion. His matchless eloquence has moved and swayed the masses as with the wand of an enchanter. His labors in all parts of England and Scotland have been unceasing from the commencement of the war to the present hour.

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In your name, Mr. THOMPSON has been known principally as a warm abolitionist, but during the whole progress of our civil war, he has been an ardent and devoted friend of President Lincoln, the Washington Government, and the Northern cause. I speak not from hearsay, but from personal knowledge and observation. He has attended many meetings, and been familiar with his daily toil. If any one man in England has so far modified public opinion as to prevent a war between that country and this, that man is George THOMPSON. Let me repeat of him throughout the entire North, and at Washington, show that we can appreciate such labor.

Yours truly, JOHN P. JEWETT.

mountable obstacles. When the enthusiastic enlisted men of negro troops placed the recruiting stations in Tennessee, on the line between that State and Kentucky, in order that indifferently, within sight of its vast, unbroken mass of slaves, they might catch one, leaving the mass, penetrating it with the purpose and the hope of freedom, the Department ordered the recruiting stations removed South thirty miles, for fear of touching the reserved Gibraltar of the Border States, where the root of the system is planted, whence such institutions as ensure to all classes substantial liberty, the professions of thirty years have been rank hypocrisy, and you have been basely wanting to your great opportunity.

I think that the government is in the mood to do. I think that unless public opinion be impudently enforced, we will see it done. North Carolina is almost ready; Louisiana is quite ready; Tennessee is getting ready; and it is said that Mississippi and Arkansas will have surrendered to despotism. To-day, as our friend told us, the educational apparatus of New England follows close behind the canon. The moment we get an acre, we set a school-house on it. God speed New England! (Great applause.) And next door to it we set up a spinning machine; and next to that a sewing machine; and next to that, we plant in the sweat of each man's brow the harvest he is to gather and to eat. Civilization taking possession of the recovered States!—my friend painted it to me. How long will those Massachusetts girls, how long will those Massachusetts sons, be permitted to educate the black man, when the Palmetto waves over the Fort Royal Islands, and representatives from the State sit in the capitol? Just as long as the half-converted rebels of Carolina allow. Why should we consent to that? Why ask Aiken or his comrades for the right to educate the black men of Carolina? I shall not debase this war safely ended, if, when it closes, there is anything left between Northern wishes and Southern needs. I would have a clause in the Constitution of the United States, that no State shall make a law which recognizes any distinction of race. If an ignorant white man can vote, an ignorant negro shall. If a white man who can read can vote, a negro who can read shall. (Applause.) If a white man who owns a hundred acres shall vote. Never until we secure that,

